a manifesto announcing his intention to ask the people to elect representatives to a Duma, which would assist him in legislative matters. So vague a promise did not satisfy even moderately liberal groups. The promised consultative Duma was given the epithet of the Bulygin Duma from the name of the minister who allegedly invented it. The call to boycott it, launched by the radical underground, became so popular that the government did not try to hold the elections.

A decree was published conferring autonomy and self-government on the universities. The faculties were invited to take full control, and students were assured that the police would not intrude into academic life.

But the liberal gestures of the Tsar could not appease public opinion, and the humiliating peace treaty with Japan brought a new outburst of public indignation. All Russia seemed ablaze.

About that time I decided to join the revolution.

I had not been converted by any particular book or propagandist, and I was not obsessed by blind hatred of the Tsarist regime. What brought me to the revolution was the revolution itself. I believed that a violent clash between the people and the government was approaching, and I felt the urge, if not the moral obligation, to be with the people in the decisive hour, and thought that only by joining a revolutionary group would I be able to play my part. Since the Social Democratic party seemed to be closest to the workers, the martyrs of Bloody Sunday, I decided to join it.

I knew this step would be a blow to my father who, though a moderate liberal, was strongly opposed to politics at universities. To avoid any quarrel with him, I bluntly told him I intended to leave home. "I am going to join an underground organization," I said. "I know you won't like this, and sooner or later we may quarrel. If I leave our house, we will remain on good terms." My father did not try to dissuade me.

Financially I was fairly independent. Since the age of sixteen, I had earned more at my father's summer school than I needed. I tutored in geometry and physics and received the same pay as teachers thirty years older than I. As a lecturer, I was second only to my father; I carried a full load of teaching, and felt my salary was well earned. Thus I had saved enough to cover a modest student budget for many months ahead.

While I was packing my books and other belongings, my mother asked me if I had made definite arrangements for moving. I told her that I would look for a furnished room.

"If you leave," she said, "we shall have no use for your room and will probably rent it. Perhaps to a student and—who knows?—also a